# THE WORLD.

NUMBER CCIX.

THURSDAY, *December* the 30th, 1756.

THE public will no doubt be a good deal aſtoniſhed, that inſtead of the great name of Adam Fitz-Adam to this paper, they now ſee it written by a poor weak woman, it's publiſher, and dated from the Globe in Pater-Noſter-Row. Alas! nothing but my regard and veneration for that dear good man could have got the better of my modeſty, and tempted me to an undertaking, that only himſelf was equal to.

BEFORE theſe lines can reach the preſs, that truly great and amiable gentleman, will, in all probability, be no more. An event ſo ſudden and unexpected, and in which the public are ſo deeply intereſted, cannot fail to excite the curioſity of every reader; I ſhall therefore relate it in the conciſeſt manner I am able, not in the leaſt doubting but my defects in ſtyle will be overlooked, and that grief and concern will prevent criticiſm.

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THE reader may remember, that in the firſt number of the WORLD, and in ſeveral ſucceeding papers, the good old gentleman flattered himſelf that the profits of his labours would ſome time or other enable him to make a genteel figure in the world, and ſeat him at laſt in his ONE-HORSE CHAIR. The death of Mrs. Fitz-Adam, which happened a few months ſince, as it relieved him from the great expence of houſekeeping, made him in a hurry to ſet up this EQUIPAGE; and as the ſale of his paper was even beyond his expectations, I was one of the firſt of his friends that adviſed him to purchaſe it. The EQUIPAGE was accordingly beſpoke and ſent home; and as he had all along promiſed that his firſt viſit in it ſhould be to me, I expected him laſt Tueſday at my country houſe at Hoxton. The poor gentleman was punctual to his appointment; and it was with great delight that I ſaw him from my window driving up the road that leads to my houſe. Unfortunately for him, his eye caught mine; and hoping (as I ſuppoſe) to captivate me by his great ſkill in driving, he made two or three flouriſhes with his whip, which ſo frightened the horſe, that he ran furiouſly away with the carriage, daſhed it againſt a poſt, and threw the driver from his ſeat with a violence hardly to be conceived. I ſcreamed out to my maid, "lord bleſs me! ſays I, Mr. Fitz-Adam is killed!" and away we ran to the ſpot where he lay. At firſt I imagined that his head was off; but upon drawing nearer to him, I found it was his hat! He breathed indeed, which gave me hopes that he was not quite dead; but for other ſigns of life, he had poſitively none.

IN this miſerable condition, with the help of ſome neighbours, we brought him into the houſe, where a warm bed was quickly got ready for him; which toge-

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ther with bleeding and other helps, brought him by degrees to life and reaſon. He looked round about him for ſome time, and at laſt, ſeeing and knowing me, enquired after his CHAISE. I told him it was ſafe, though a good deal damaged. "No matter, madam, he replied; "it has done my buſineſs: it has carried me a journey "from this world to the next: I ſhall have no uſe for "it again." Here his ſpeech failed him, and I thought him expiring; but after a few minutes, recovering as it were from a trance, he proceeded thus. "Mrs. "Cooper, ſays he, you behold in the miſerable object "now before you, a ſpeaking monument of the folly "and madneſs of ambition. This fatal CHAISE was the "ultimate end of all my purſuits; the hope of it ani"mated my labours, and filled me with ideas of felicity "and grandeur. Alas! how has it humbled me! May "other great men take warning from my fall! The "WORLD, Mrs. Cooper, is now at an end! I thought "it deſtined to a longer period; but the decrees of fate "are not to be reſiſted. It would indeed have pleaſed "me to have written the laſt paper myſelf; but that "taſk, madam, muſt be yours; and however painful it "may be to your modeſty, I conjure you to undertake "it." He pauſed here for a minute or two, as if waiting for my anſwer; and as well as I could ſpeak for ſorrow and concern, I promiſed what he aſked. "Your "knowledge as a publiſher, madam (proceeded he) "and your great fluency of words, will make it perfect"ly eaſy to you. Little more will be neceſſary than to "ſet forth my ſudden and unhappy end; to make my "acknowledgements to the public for the indulgence "it has ſhewn me; and above all, to teſtify my grati"tude to my numerous correſpondents, to whoſe ele-

"gant

" gant pieces this paper has been principally indebted
" for it's uncommon ſucceſs. I intended (with per-
" miſſion) to have cloſed the work with a liſt of thoſe
" correſpondents; but death prevents me from raiſing
" this monument to my fame."

A VIOLENT fit of coughing, in which I feared the poor gentleman would have gone off, robbed him of his ſpeech for more than half an hour: at laſt, however, he came again to himſelf, and, though more feebly than before, proceeded as follows. " I am thankful, ma-
" dam, that I yet live, and that an opportunity is given
" me of confeſſing the frailties of my nature to a faith-
" ful friend." I winked at Sufan to withdraw, but ſhe would not underſtand me: her ſtay, however, did not prevent Mr. Fitz-Adam from giving me a full detail of the ſins of his youth; which as they only amounted to a few gallantries among the ladies, with nothing more heinous than a rape or two at college, we bid him be of comfort, and think no more of ſuch trifles. " And
" now, madam, ſays he, I have another concern to
" trouble you with. When I was a boy at ſchool, it
" always poſſeſſed my thoughts, that whenever I died
" I ſhould be buried in Weſtminſter abbey. I confeſs
" freely to you, madam, that this has been the con-
" ſtant ambition of my riper years. The great good
" which my labours have done to mankind will, I hope,
" entitle my remains to an interment in that honourable
" place; nor will the public, I believe, be diſinclined to
" erect a ſuitable monument to my memory. The
" frontiſpiece to the WORLD, which was the lucky
" thought of my printer, I take to be a moſt excellent
" deſign; and if executed at large in virgin marble, muſt
" have an admirable effect. I can think only of one
" alteration in it, which is, that in the back ground I
" would

" would have, in relief, a one-horſe chair in the act of
" overturning, that the ſtory of my death, as it con-
" tains a leſſon for the ambitious, may be recorded with
" my name. My epitaph, if the public might be ſo
" ſatisfied, I would have decent and conciſe. It would
" offend my modeſty, if after the name of Fitz-Adam,
" more were to be added than theſe words,

" *He was the deepeſt* PHILOSOPHER,
" *The wittieſt* WRITER,
AND
" *The greateſt* MAN
" *Of* THIS AGE *or* NATION.

" I ſay, madam, of *this* age and nation, becauſe other
" times and other countries have produced very great
" men; inſomuch that there are names among the an-
" cients, hardly inferior to that of Adam Fitz-Adam."

THE good old gentleman would have proceeded, but his ſpeech failed him again, and he lay as if expiring for two whole hours; during which ſeaſon, as I had no time to ſpare, and as all I had heard was then freſh in my memory, I ſat myſelf down to fulfill the promiſe I had made. When I had written thus far, he again attempted to ſpeak to me, but could not. I held up the paper to him, and aſked if he would hear it read. He nodded his aſſent, and, after I had gone through it, his approbation. I deſired him to ſignify by ſome motion of his hand, if there was any thing in it that he wiſhed to have altered. He nodded his head again, and gave me a look of ſuch complacency and regard, as convinced me I had pleaſed him. It is from a knowledge of this circumſtance that I ſhall now ſend what I have written to the preſs, with no other concern than for the accident that occaſioned it: an accident, which I ſhall never think of without tears, as it will probably deprive the public of a moſt able inſtructor, and me of a worthy friend, and conſtant benefactor.

Globe, Pater-Noſter-Row,
Tueſday Dec. 28, 1756.

MARY COOPER.

*P. S.*

*P. S. Wedneſday night, ten o'clock.* Mr. Fitz-Adam is ſtill alive, though in a dangerous way. He came to his ſpeech this morning, and directed me to inform the public, that as the WORLD is now cloſed, he has ordered a general INDEX to the folio volumes to be printed and given GRATIS in a few days at Mr. Dodſley's in Pall-Mall, and at M. Cooper's at the globe in Pater-Noſter-Row.

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## ADVERTISEMENT

To thoſe who are pleaſed with finding an opportunity to do good.

A CLERGYMAN *in the country, who has a numerous family, and but a ſlender income, has been near twenty years afflicted with a ſevere chronical diſorder. At this time, he has a proſpect of receiving benefit from a diſtant mineral water; but the diſeaſe, alas! ſo fatal to his* conſtitution, *has likewiſe ſo reduced his* circumſtances, *that he finds himſelf in no condition to defray the expences neceſſary to his cure. He is therefore conſtrained to lay his caſe before the public, to ſollicit that compaſſion which he has been ready on all occaſions to ſhew, and to place his final hopes of relief in their beneficence. The humane and compaſſionate, who are diſpoſed to leſſen his afflictions, may be informed of their nature, and aſſured of their reality by Mr.* DODSLEY *in Pall-mall: and whatever benefactions they ſhall depoſite in his hands, will be received with the moſt lively ſenſe of real gratitude and obligation.*


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*LONDON*: Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall, and ſold by M. COOPER at the Globe in Pater-Noſter-Row. Price 2d.

# A WORLD EXTRAORDINARY.

The following paper having been tranſmitted to Mr. FITZ-ADAM's bookſeller on the very day of that gentleman's misfortune, he takes the liberty to offer it to the public juſt as it came to his hand.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS the contagion of politics has been ſo prevalent of late, that it has even (I won't ſay, infected, but at leaſt) infuſed itſelf into the papers of the impartial Mr. Fitz-Adam, perhaps I may not make him an unacceptable preſent in the following piece, which will humour the bent of his diſorder (for I muſt conſider political writings as a diſtemper) and at the ſame time will cool, not increaſe, any ſharpneſs in his blood.

THO' the author of this little eſſay is retired from the buſier ſcenes of life, he has not buried himſelf in ſuch indifference to his country, as to deſpiſe, or not attend to, what is paſſing even in thoſe ſcenes he has quitted; and having withdrawn from inclination, not from diſguſt, he preſerves the ſame attachments that he formerly made, tho' contracted even then from eſteem, not from intereſt. He ſees with a feeling concern the diſtreſſes

diſtreſſes and diſtractions of his country; he foreſees with anxiety the conſequences of both. He laments the diſcord that divides thoſe men of ſuperior genius, whoſe union, with all their abilities, were perhaps inadequate to the criſis of our affairs. He does not preſume to diſcuſs the grounds of their diſſentions, which he wiſhes themſelves to overlook; and he would be one of the laſt men in England to foment diviſion, where his intereſt as a Briton, and his private inclinations as a man, bid him hope for coalition. Yet he would not be a man, he might be a ſtoic, if even theſe inclinations were equally balanced: his admiration may be ſuſpended, his heart will be partial. From theſe ſenſations he has been naturally led to lament and condemn the late torrent of perſonalities: he ſees with grief the greateſt characters treated with the greateſt licentiouſneſs: his friendſhip has been touched at finding one of the moſt reſpectable aſperſed in the moſt injurious manner. He holds That perſon's fame as much ſuperior to reproach, as he thinks himſelf inferior to That perſon's defence; and yet he cannot help giving his teſtimony to the reputation of a man, with whoſe friendſhip he has long been honoured. This ambition, Sir, has occaſioned my troubling you with the following portrait, written eight years ago; deſigned then as private incenſe to an honoured name; and ever ſince preſerved by the author only, and in the fair hands to which it was originally addreſſed. I will detain you no longer than to ſay, that if this little piece ſhould be accuſed of flattery, let it be remembered, that it was written when the ſubject of it was no miniſter of ſtate, and that it is publiſhed now (and ſhould not elſe have been publiſhed) when he is no miniſter at all.

*I am, Sir,*

*Your humble ſervant,*

H. M.

# A WORLD EXTRAORDINARY.

To the Right Honourable Lady C. F.

MADAM,

I HAVE been attempting to draw a picture of one of your friends, and think I have in ſome degree ſucceeded; but as I fear natural partiality may make me flatter myſelf, I chooſe to ſubmit to your ladyſhip's judgment, whoſe prepoſſeſſion for the perſon repreſented is likely to balance what fondneſs I may have for my own performances. As I believe you love the perſon in queſtion, as much as ever other people love themſelves, the medium between the faults you ſhall find, and the juſt reſemblance that I ſee in the following portrait, is likely to be an exact image.

The gentleman I am drawing is about * three and forty: as you ſee all the fondneſs and delicacy and attention of a lover in him, perhaps your ladyſhip may take him to be but three and twenty: but I, whoſe talent is not flattery, and who from his judgment and experience and authority, ſhould at firſt ſet him down for threeſcore, upon the ſtricteſt enquiry can only allow him to be in the vigour of his age and underſtanding. His perſon decides rather on my ſide, for though he has all the eaſe and amiableneſs of youth, yet your ladyſhip muſt allow that it has a dignity, which youth might aim at in vain, and for which it will ſcarce ever be exchanged. If I were like common painters, I ſhould give him a ruddy healthful complexion, and light up his countenance with inſipid ſmiles and unmeaning benignity: but this would not be a faithful portrait: a florid bloom would no more give an idea of him, than his bended brow at firſt lets one into the vaſt humanity of his temper; or than an undiſtinguiſhing ſmile would ſupply the place of his manly curioſity and penetration. To paint him with a chearful open countenance would be a poor return of compliment for the

* This was written in the year 1748.

flattery

flattery that his approbation beſtows, which, by not being promiſed, doubly ſatisfies one's ſelf-love. The merit of others is degrading to their friends; the gentleman I mean makes his worth open upon you, by perſuading you that he diſcovers ſome in you.

He has that true characteriſtic of a great man, that he is ſuperior to others in his private, ſocial, unbended hours. I am far from meaning by this ſuperiority, that he exerts the force of his genius unneceſſarily: on the contrary, you only perceive his preheminence in thoſe moments by his being more agreeably good-natured, and idle with more eaſe, than other people. He ſeems inquiſitive, as if his only buſineſs were to learn; and is unreſerved, as if he were only to inform; and is equally incapable of myſtery in pretending to know what he does not, or in concealing what he does.

In the houſe of commons he was for ſome time an ungraceful and unpopular ſpeaker, the abundance of his matter overflowing his elocution: but the force of his reaſoning has prevailed both over his own defects and thoſe of his audience. He ſpeaks with a ſtrength and perſpicuity of argument that commands the admiration of an age apt to be more cheaply pleaſed. But his vanity cannot ſatisfy itſelf on the terms it could ſatisfy others; nor would he thank any man for his approbation, unleſs he were conſcious of deſerving it. But he carries this delicacy ſtill farther, and has been at the idle labour of making himſelf fame and honours by purſuing a regular and ſteady plan, when art and eloquence would have carried him to an equal height, and made thoſe fear him, who now only love him—if a party can love a man who they ſee is only connected with them by principles, not by prejudices.

In another light one may diſcover another littleneſs in his conduct: in the affairs of his office † he is as

† Secretary at war.

minute

minute and as full of application as if he were always to remain in the ſame poſt; and as exact and knowing as if he always had been in it. He is as attentive to the ſollicitation and intereſts of others in his province, as if he were making their fortune, not his own; and to the great detriment of the miniſtry, has turned one of the beſt ſine cures under the government into one of the moſt laborious employments, at the ſame time imagining that the eaſe with which he executes it, will prevent a diſcovery of the innovation. He receives all officers who addreſs to him with as little pride as if he were ſecure of innate nobility; yet this defect of illuſtrious birth is a blemiſh, which ſome of the greateſt men have wanted to make them compleatly great: Tully had it; had the happineſs and glory of raiſing himſelf from a private condition; but boaſting of it, might as well have been noble: he degraded himſelf by uſurping that prerogative of nobility, pride of what one can neither cauſe nor prevent.

I SAY nothing of his integrity, becauſe I know nothing of it, but that it has never been breathed upon even by ſuſpicion: it will be time enough to vindicate it, when it has been impeached. He is as well-bred as thoſe who colour over timidity with gentleneſs of manners, and as bravely ſincere as thoſe who take, or would have brutality taken for honeſty; but tho' his greateſt freedom is polite, his greateſt condeſcenſion is dignified with ſpirit; and he can no more court his enemies, than relax in kindneſs to his friends. Yet though he has more ſpirit than almoſt any man living, it is never looked upon as flowing from his paſſions, by the intimate connection that it always preſerves with his underſtanding. Yet his paſſions are very ſtrong: he loves play, women more, and one woman more than all. The amiableneſs of his behaviour to her, is only equalled by hers to him——But as your ladyſhip

would

would not know a picture of this charming woman, when drawn with all her proper graceful virtues; and as that engaging ignorance might lead you even into an uncertainty about the portrait of the gentleman, I shall lay down my pencil, and am,

MADAM,

*Your* LADYSHIP's

*most obedient*

*humble servant,*

VANDYKE.

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*LONDON:* Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall, and sold by M. COOPER at the Globe in Pater-Noster-Row.